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Florence Kilpatrick Mixter

Though when the eastern rim of heaven pales
I shall arise alone, uncomforted,
Now, like a jewelled censer, night exhales
The perfumed incense of a dream long dead;
And your rapt spirit, like an organ, pours
Its glad hosannas on long-echoing shores.

THE DEATH OF AN ARTIST

"I tire of looking at the sea," he said.
"The composition's bad; it needs a tree
Within the line of vision where the red
Of sunset pales before immensity.
There's too much water and there's too much sky
Without a frame to hold them in their place,
And not enough of shore to rest the eye
Or any little thing to shatter space.
If I were painting it"—he suddenly smiled—
"You'd come upon it almost unaware;
Down avenues of green your soul, beguiled,
Would yield the sea a glance and find it fair.
How swiftly then the spirit would go free! . . .
I tire," he said, "of looking at the sea."

Florence Kilpatrick Mixter